

# BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

## HOW MORAN AND DILLON WILL LOOK AFTER SHAKING HANDS TO-NIGHT

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**Dillon and Moran Trained to the Minute for Their Fistic Battle at Washington Park, Brooklyn, To-Night.**

TO-NIGHT is the night Jack Dillon and Frank Moran, trained and fit, are ready to meet to see which is the better man. That's what men used to fight for, many years ago, before there was such a thing as a championship entailing months of years of vaudeville and strenuous engagements, and careful matchmaking in short no-decision bouts that carried no risk of losing that profitable "title."

It's the old-fashioned "best man" idea that will bring a great crowd of spectators to Washington Park to-night. Not half the number would turn out to see a champion carefully tap his way through ten decisionless rounds. It is generally believed that Moran and Dillon, having no title at stake, merely fighting for a chance to move up a notch, will actually deliver the goods.

Of course the class of the contestants has its allurements, too. Dillon is recognized as the best light heavyweight in the world, and a very exceptional boxer and fighter without regard to weights. Moran is famous as a rugged, cool-headed fellow with infinite patience and a trick of fighting like a fury when his time comes. Physically, both are exceptional. Dillon is a white Langford. Moran is a natural athlete who has developed a perfect fighting machine by careful attention to training, plenty of hard work and a number of ring battles with first-class men.

In courage there is little to choose between them. In battle Moran is as grim as a Viking. No man has ever accused either Moran or Dillon of lacking spirit in a hard fight. Absolute courage and confidence will go into the ring with each contestant. And, as well as strength, endurance and plain fighting ability, should guarantee a good hard contest.

DILLON began fighting in the lighter classes, and his reputation was made before he outgrew the middleweight limit by a few pounds. He fought all the best welter and middle weight fighters of the past eight years, the list including such men as Eddie McGuffey, George Chip, Jimmy Gardner, Honey Melody, Bob Moha, Frank Klaus, Leo Houck, Hugo Kelly, Gus Christie, Frank Mantell, Buck Crouse, Sailor Petroskey, etc. Then, going into the heavyweight division, he met Battling Levinsky, Jim Flynn, Jack Lester, Al Norton, Charlie Weiner, Gusboat Smith, Tom McCarthy, "Bears" McMahon, Jim Maynard, Tom Cowler and others. He beat nearly all of these men, some of them with quick decisions, but in all he has had hundreds of fights, and his boast is that he has never been knocked down.

Frank Moran began fighting as a heavyweight, and as heavyweights have fewer opportunities to fight than the smaller men, his record is comparatively short. In his career he has won only two fights, but in both of them he has been victorious. His first record scrap was ten rounds with Al Palmer, in Brooklyn. Frank won by a knockout, but at a wrestler at that time, but the even fight he made with big Palmer turned him to the roped ring instead of the mat. In New York he knocked out Al Palmer in seven rounds. He did a large colored slant arm known as Kid Cotton. Tony Ross, Jack Geyer, Gusboat Smith and Dick Johnson earned decisions over him. But while all this was going on Moran was developing into a real fighter. He had the spirit of the ring, and had knocked only made him grin and fight back. He knocked out Tom Cowler in England, and this was four years before Jim Corbett picked Cowler to beat Knickerbocker. He knocked out Fred Storbeck and a few others, including English Champion Bombardier Wells. In New York he knocked out Al Palmer in seven rounds. He is a slow, deliberate, awkward boxer. He leans back, holds his left arm out, and poses his right while waiting for a chance to send it over. That heavy right is his only dangerous weapon, and he should be much more dangerous with a slow, big man than to a fast fellow of the Dillon type. Still, there is no doubt that he has an advantage in both strength and endurance.

Hundreds of visitors have come in from the Middle West to see Dillon and Moran fight. The Westerners to a man pick Dillon. He's strong in the Western country.

JESS WILLARD can get \$45,000 for boxing ten rounds with Fred Fulton. He has been offered this sum by James A. Connelly and Harry A. Sherman of St. Paul and Minneapolis. These gentlemen, who have taken up promoting boxing matches as a side line, have bought the boxing clubs in St. Paul and Minneapolis for \$50,000 each and have joined them in one club, with quarters in the Motor-drome, half way between the two cities. Under Minnesota law there are but three boxing clubs licensed



Dillon and Moran. As they will shake up in the ring.

## DAILY REVIEW OF BIG LEAGUE PENNANT RACES

### Yanks Now Leading American League, With Dodgers Still Heading National

**Giants Have Won Two Games in a Row and Threaten to Pass Phillies.**

**By Bozeman Bulger.**

WITH two well developed winning streaks under way, the Yanks leading the American League and the Giants again crowding toward the crest of the National, it isn't so bad in baseball after all. Look! The Giants have won two games in a row, the Yanks have done likewise, and Brooklyn also would have been on their way but for the unfortunate circumstance that at the outset of this victorious rampage they had to meet the Giants.

With these winning streaks moving along, it is with interest that we all chronicle the fact that the Phillies, champions, are now on the toboggan and have dropped out of their near-clutch on the top rung. By to-morrow it is possible for the Giants to tell it to get out of the way and let "somebody run what him run."

The big event of the day, though, is the triumphant arrival of the Yanks at the top of the ladder and the presentation of Panama hats by Capt. Huston, who promised such generosity while the club was on the road. By mauling the tar wadding out of the Athletics at the sorrowful moment when the Cleveland Indians were being beaten in the West this happy situation was consummated. To hold the lead is another question. But with the Athletics to feed on for three days the betting is not against Bill Donovan and his crew.

The sudden upheaval of the Giants, to a large extent, is due to the revolutionary move of McGraw in switching the home club to the dugout on the Polo Grounds for luck and against all tradition. This is the first time in the history of the famous old field that the home club has sent its warriors to bat from that side. McGraw's scientific reason is that he wanted to experiment with the shadows, but to our way of thinking it was to kill the Jinx. That the Jinx is officially dead is sufficient proof of the correctness of the move.

In the State. Now there are only two, the other being located at Duluth. "We first offered Willard \$30,000 for his end," said Mr. Connelly last night. "Later we raised that to \$40,000, and then to \$45,000. This is the limit of what we are willing to offer Willard. There's some talk of rival bids. If any one else bids \$45,000 and I can't get him, we'll put out a provisional offer. In that case we'll put on some other bout on Labor Day."

If Willard refuses an offer of \$45,000 to fight Fulton there can be only one possible reason. He must be growing too fat to fight.

Giants to-day with Philadelphia, 2 Games. 1.45 P.M. Polo Grounds. Adm. 50c. Adv.

## MAJOR LEAGUE RESULTS AND STANDING

National League				American League			
Club	W.	L.	P.C.	Club	W.	L.	P.C.
Brooklyn	22	21	.514	Brooklyn	22	21	.514
Philadelphia	21	22	.489	Cleveland	21	22	.489
Pittsburgh	20	23	.465	St. Louis	20	23	.465
St. Louis	19	24	.442	St. Louis	19	24	.442
St. Paul	18	25	.419	St. Paul	18	25	.419

## Results of Games Yesterday.

New York, 4; Philadelphia, 7.  
Brooklyn, 5; Boston, 2.  
St. Louis, 9; Cincinnati, 6.  
Pittsburgh, 5; Chicago, 2 (1st game).  
Pittsburgh, 5; Chicago, 2 (2d game).

## Games To-Day.

Philadelphia at New York (2 games).  
Brooklyn at Boston.  
Chicago at St. Louis.

rectness of that theory. With the Jinx out of the way the Giants went right at their knitting, busted the baseball all over the lot, and the once high-flying Phillies were humbled to suit the taste of the most exacting fan.

The play of the game—the one that really delivered the punch—came in the fourth inning, when Rube Schauer heroically mused up the strategy of Eddie Burns and Al Demaree, the Philly battery. At the time Fletcher was on third and Merkle on second, with one out. Any thing in the way of a hard hit ball meant a run, and Bill Hariden was approaching with a war club.

"Well, walk this guy," signalled Demaree to Burns, "and not only have a chance at a double play, but maybe we can strike out Rube Schauer, a weak hitter."

It was so ordered. But just then the Russian brain of Mr. Schauer flared up, felt the humiliating intent. He walked to the plate with—"lang!"

It was a clean sweat over second and both runners scored!

But it remained for Hans Lobert, making his debut of the season, to wrap the winding sheet around his old teammates among the Phillies. In the last half of the eighth, with one run badly needed the Giants got a runner on third with one out. Lobert was sent in to bat for the pitcher. A hand hand greeting his first appearance of the season.

## Fistic News John Pollock and Gossip

At last the ban on bouts between white and colored boxers, which was put on by the original unalarmed State Athletic Commission, which was headed by Frank S. O'Neil, has been removed by the present paid commission, of which Frank S. O'Neil is chairman. This action was taken at the meeting in Albany yesterday. Gov. Whitman is said to have suggested this change.

The first mixed bout announced is that between Joe Angelo, the weak, Portuguese boxer, and Fred Brown, a colored boxer. They'll clash at the Harlem Sporting Club July 7. This Curry has two other matches arranged for the United States fight, will try his head on Paul Lewis in the main event. Young Fulton, the rugged lightweight of the coast side, will look up with Johnny Dundee in Philadelphia on July 10. He will clash with Jim Bonner at Madison City, Va.

Tom Jones, manager of Jess Willard, is in town for the purpose of trying to clinch a bout between the Carley and Fred Fulton and also to attend the Dillon-Moran bout. Jones hasn't been here since the big bout in the Garden. He says that Willard was anxious to see tonight's battle in Brooklyn, but the crowd manager wouldn't let him lay off long enough to do so.

One Christie of Milwaukee and the Zulu Kid of Brooklyn will clash in the ten-round semi-final at Washington Park to-night. There will be four and six round preliminaries. The timekeepers are: Mr. Muller for the plain, George Condit for Moran and Fred Curtis for Dillon.

## DERBY RACE DIMS FRIAR ROCK'S FAME

**Belmont Colt Is Not the Wonder Some Experts Figured Him.**

**By Vincent Treanor.**

A REAL good thoroughbred is one for which no excuses have to be made. We used the expression once, some time ago, in singing the praises of the late James R. Keene's Colt, which won eleven straight races under all conditions, favorable and otherwise. He never knew defeat. Often Colin suffered the worst of the racing luck, at times he was away from the post badly, and on other occasions he was pinched off, pocketed and caught in jams, but, and this is important, the finish always found him sailing along in front, and he carried all kinds of weight. HE WAS A GOOD HORSE.

Thoroughbreds like Colin are seen once in a lifetime, still we have had our own individual hopes of seeing another like him, but to date have been disappointed.

Up to the running of last week's Brooklyn Handicap August Belmont's Friar Rock held our admiration as a near Colin, throwing out his two-year-old career, of course. He had won the Suburban, too, beating good older horses, and had scored an impressive victory in the Belmont over horses of his own age. We overlooked his previous defeat by Spur in the Withers in the belief that he was put on the fence by the Butler colt and his chances thus ruined.

Yesterday Friar Rock started favorite in the Brooklyn Derby and finished outside the money. Right there any hope we might have entertained of his greatness went fluttering. He didn't get away well, to be sure, but he didn't get away well in the Brooklyn Handicap either, yet he won. If he was a great horse, he should have proved it yesterday in the run through the long stretch, but he could gain little or nothing on the weight he had to carry.

As a matter of fact there was not a real excuse to be found for the Belmont colt. If he is the wonder many have thought him, he should have overcome any early disadvantage and won any way. In our mind Friar Rock will last as the winner of both the Suburban and Brooklyn Handicaps, a three-year-old history-maker, but as no marvel of the thoroughbred world.

With Chicle in front and Star Hawk in the place position, English horses will go down in turf history as having finished one, two in the 1916 Brooklyn Derby, but while absorbing this fact it might be well to remember that Chicle, by the great English race of an American mare of the priceless strain, Lady Hamburg II.

Harry Payne Whitney's Chicle, which won the Derby from start to finish, stands out as an example of the effect blinkers have on some horses. This colt has run twice previous to yesterday's stake event away out in front of his fields only to stop each time as if hurt. In the Long Beach Handicap last Wednesday at Jamaica he led into the stretch, only to succumb in the final eighth and finish third. Louder, who rode, was criticised for this, but probably didn't merit the criticism. In his previous race Chicle stopped earlier under Tommy McTaggart in a mysterious manner. McTaggart said, after that race, that the colt was only galloping in front with his mouth wide open. When he saw Butler's Spur range alongside he simply refused to extend himself further.

This made Jimmy Rowe experiment. He worked the colt one morning with blinkers and was astonished.

## Smith Made Champion Golfer of Young Hilton

**Rich Eighteen-Year-Old Greenwich Youngster Captures Junior "Met" Championship So Easily That Great Things Are Expected of Him in Future Tournaments.**

**By William Abbott.**

SOMEHOW the family name of Hilton is always associated with golf champions. Harold Hilton's exploits on the links fill many pages of English golf books and several pages of American records. But the great amateur champion held forth in England. This country didn't succeed in producing a Hilton until yesterday when Vincent K. Hilton, a tall eighteen-year-old youth from Greenwich, won the Metropolitan Junior title at Englewood. It was the youngster's first championship, but those who watched him defeat Harry Scharff so impressively feel certain that the new "Met" holder is well on his way for other honors.

Vincent Hilton is one of a large group of rich young men who are developing fast and who will soon be the next top-notchers on the links, young golfers in the Travers, Quimet and Evans class. Hilton has competed in various tournaments with little encouragement in the shape of victories. In 1914 he did manage to get to the final round of the Metropolitan Junior meet only to be walloped by Phil Carter.

But young Mr. Hilton kept plugging away with his golf clubs, driving, approaching and putting by the hole. To improve his game he hired Alex Smith, the noted Wyandott professional, who soon discovered that his pupil could drive with the best, could approach fairly well, and was merely ordinary on the greens. But he was uncertain, like so many other golfers. So Smith set to work to make his golf more consistent and Mr. Hilton evidently learned his lesson well.

In the Englewood tournament he disposed of all his opponents rather easily. In the final round he triumphed over Harry Scharff, the hard hitting lad from the New York Golf Club.

He tried it again the other day, and Chicle just galloped a mile and an eighth in 1:55, outworking his good stable mate, Horse. After this impressive work, Rowe decided to "shoot" at the Brooklyn Derby with Chicle equipped in blinkers. The result was well known now. Chicle just galloped his field dizzy, and at the end Tommy McTaggart was giving him only the snuggest kind of a hand ride, with the others two lengths behind him, being driven and whipped to the last ounce of their jockeys' energy, and this after he had stepped the first mile of the race in close to 1:38.

Charley Patterson, trainer of the Johnson and Billings horses, a good judge of race horses, and well informed generally on matters pertaining to the turf, likes Chicle because of his sire Speakman. "When I was in Newmarket last year," said Charley yesterday, "I met Danny Maher, who told me that Speakman was the best horse he ever rode. No one could ever make him run." Maher said, Patterson thinks Chicle will develop the same way. "I remember when he couldn't run three-fourths of a mile. He learned to go faster gradually, and before he could go any distance. Fast horses like Chicle are always dangerous in any race, and for that reason the colt's performance in the Derby was no surprise to me."

"He's the high cocklebur," said Tom Healey, talking of Willie Midgely, trainer of the Cochrane string, after Madeira had won the opening event from a high class lot of fillies in a big gallop. "Midgely sure has been cutting a big figure with the two-year-olds he has been sending to the post so far this year. In Madeira he apparently has one of the best youngsters of the season, and her performance, the 'first crack out of the box,' is a great tribute to his ability as trainer of the juveniles."

**INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.**

**STANDING OF THE CLUBS.**

Club	W.	L.	P.C.
Brooklyn	24	18	.571
Pittsburgh	23	22	.511
Baltimore	22	23	.489
St. Louis	21	24	.465
Newark	20	25	.442

**RESULTS YESTERDAY.**

Club	W.	L.	P.C.
Newark	7	1	.875
Baltimore	6	2	.750
St. Louis	5	3	.625
Brooklyn	4	4	.500
Pittsburgh	3	5	.375
Baltimore	2	6	.250
St. Louis	1	7	.125
Brooklyn	0	8	.000

**GAMES TO-DAY.**

Brooklyn at Richmond.  
Pittsburgh at Baltimore.  
St. Louis at Montreal.  
Newark at Providence.

## PUTTING 'EM OVER With "Bugs" Beer

THE NEW YORK EVENING WORLD

## RADIO CUPID SAYS

"SOME Fighters Are Whales if Blubber Counts for Anything."

Becky Knoff only touched a tender spot on Ump Hyron while the ump brushed a tender spot on Benny.

Expert advises golfers to breathe while hitting the ball, which sounds like a healthier system than the opposite method.

How would some golfers bid their hearts to fire at ten minutes?

Nobody has been suspended recently by the A. A. U. who can suspend some when their suspenders are in order. Must have busted their suspenders.

St. Louis has almost given up hope of having a World Series that would last the year.

Instead of greenbacks or checks it would be more appropriate to pay a fight manager off in bullion.

Of all old words of tongue or pen The ones that bring most joy. These words stir most the hearts of men.

"He is a local boy."

The big league fame be short and fleet. One thrill has no alloy. Your typist in the village sheet. "He is a local boy."

Slater of the Browns isn't a bit busier than a one-armed letter carrier on Christmas Eve.

When Mr. White isn't pitching, catching, stepping in or out field, it must be either raining or January.

**DIPLOMACY.**  
The Ambassador from Goofisco had just walloped the U. S. envoy on the back.

The Ambassador bowed and chirped, "I will write you a note two months informing you that I have smeared you in the glim."

The U. S. envoy parked an oyster on his eye and warbled, "Excellent. In the meantime I will mail you one gross of our highly polished ultimatum."

Gong.

There are two reasons why Fulton can't fight Willard. One reason is Fulton and the other is Willard.

Joe Gedeon's batting average has worsened away like a corn is supposed to do under some of these bunion remedies you read about.

On Gasmump's side where I was born. The pearl of all the tales. No marathons are ever run there. For they are twenty miles.

And Gasmump is but four feet square. Oh! How I wish that I were there!

There are no wrestlers on Gasmump. The game it does not thrive. Of all the folks who once lived there But two are now alive.

One is a blushing porcupine. The other guy's no chump. Oh! How I long for peace again. Back on that dear Gasmump.

—LOTT MOORE.

## SPORTING.

## RACING AT AQUEDUCT

SIX ATTRACTIVE FEATURES

## TOMORROW

INCLUDING THE MIDWOOD

& 5 Other Good Races

FIRST RACE AT 2:30 P. M.

SPECIAL RACE TRAINS

Leave New York at 12:30 P. M. and

arrive at Aqueduct at 1:30 P. M.

Also leave at 4:30 P. M. and arrive

at 5:30 P. M. Tickets \$1.00.

GRAND STAND \$5.00. BOX SEATS \$10.00.

TO-NIGHT—DILLON VS. MORAN

Washington Park, 4th and 34th Sts., N.Y.C.

Box seats \$10.00 and \$20.00.

Grand stand, \$5 and \$6; Box seats, \$7.00.

Ring side Box seats, \$10 and \$15.

## Coat and Trousers To Measure, \$22.50

This is an unusual offering when the value is considered. Garments made in the same way of equally good materials cost elsewhere \$5 to \$15 more. We have reduced a number of striking styles and a few staples—the selection may include just what you've been looking for.

## SUIT TO MEASURE, \$25

Blue serge, double-breasted sack coat with two pairs of white trousers, \$25.50. Samples on request.

During July and August We Close Saturdays 1 P. M.

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